



THE TRUE AND TYPICAL CASE OF CHATSWORTH OSCEOLA

You all know, of course, that every engineering senior is receiving fabulous offers from dozens of corporations, but do you know just how fabulous these offers are? Do you have any idea how widely the corporations are competing? Let me cite for you the true and typical case of Chatsworth Osceola, a true and typical senior.

Chatsworth, walking across the M.I.T. campus one day last week, was hailed by a man sitting in a yellow convertible studded with precious gem stones. "Hello," said the man, "I am Norwalk T. Sigafos of the Sigafos Bearing and Boring Company. Do you like this car?"

"Yeah, hey," said Chatsworth.

"It's yours," said Sigafos.

"Thanks, hey," said Chatsworth.

"Do you like Philip Morris?" said Sigafos.

"Of course," said Chatsworth.

"Here is a pack," said Sigafos. "And a new pack will be delivered to you at twelve-minute intervals every day as long as you shall live."

"Thanks, hey," said Chatsworth.

"Does your wife like Philip Morris?" said Sigafos.

"She would," said Chatsworth, "but I'm not married."

"Do you want to be?" said Sigafos.

"What American boy doesn't?" said Chatsworth.

Sigafos pressed a button on the dashboard of his convertible and the trunk opened up and out came a noble maiden with golden hair, flawless features, a perfect disposition, and the appendix already removed. "This is Laurel Goldberg," said Sigafos. "Would you like to marry her?"

"Is her appendix out?" said Chatsworth.

"Yes," said Sigafos.

"Okay, hey," said Chatsworth.

"Congratulations," said Sigafos. "And for the happy bride, a pack of Philip Morris every twelve minutes for the rest of her life."

"Thanks, hey," said Laurel.

"Now then," said Sigafos to Chatsworth, "let's get down to business. My company will start you at \$45,000 a year. You will retire at full salary upon reaching the age of 25. When you start work, we will give you a three-story house made of bullion, complete with a French Provincial swimming pool. We will provide sitter service for all your children until they are safely through puberty. We will keep your teeth in good repair, and also the teeth of your wife and children into the third generation. We will send your dentist a pack of Philip Morris every twelve minutes as long as he shall live. . . . Now, son, I want you to think carefully about this offer. Meanwhile, here is ten thousand dollars in small, unmarked bills, which places you under no obligation whatsoever."

"It certainly seems like a fair offer," said Chatsworth. "But there is something you should know. I am not an



engineer. In fact, I don't go to M.I.T. at all. I am a poetry major at Harvard. I just came over here on a bird walk."

"Oh," said Sigafos.

"I guess I don't get to keep the money and the convertible and Laurel now, do I?" said Chatsworth.

"Of course you do," said Sigafos. "And if you'd like the job, my offer still stands."

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Speaking of engineers, the Philip Morris company makes a filter cigarette that's engineered to please the most discerning of filter smokers—Marlboro, the cigarette with better "smokin'g." More flavor plus more filter equals more cigarette!



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